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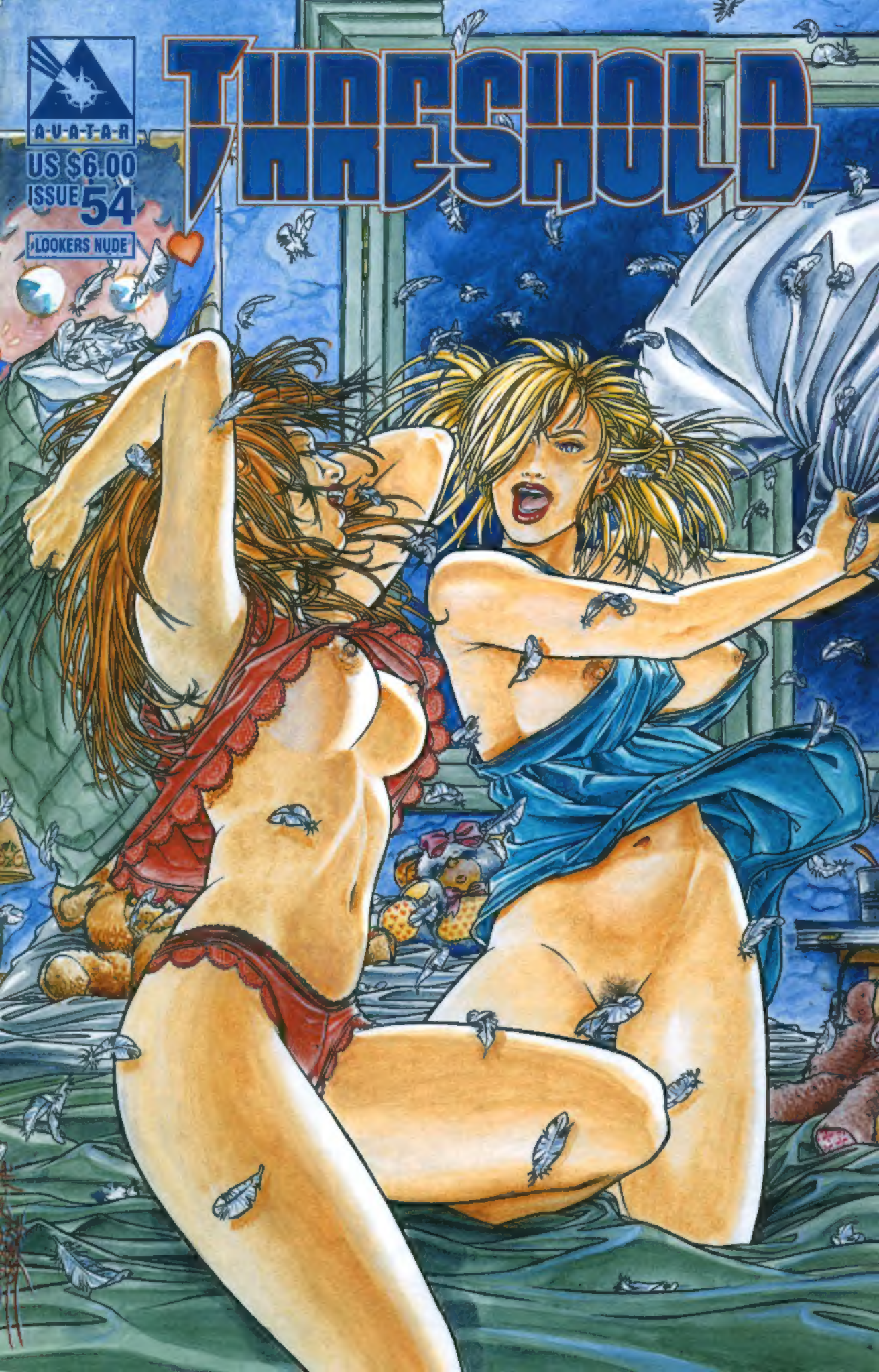
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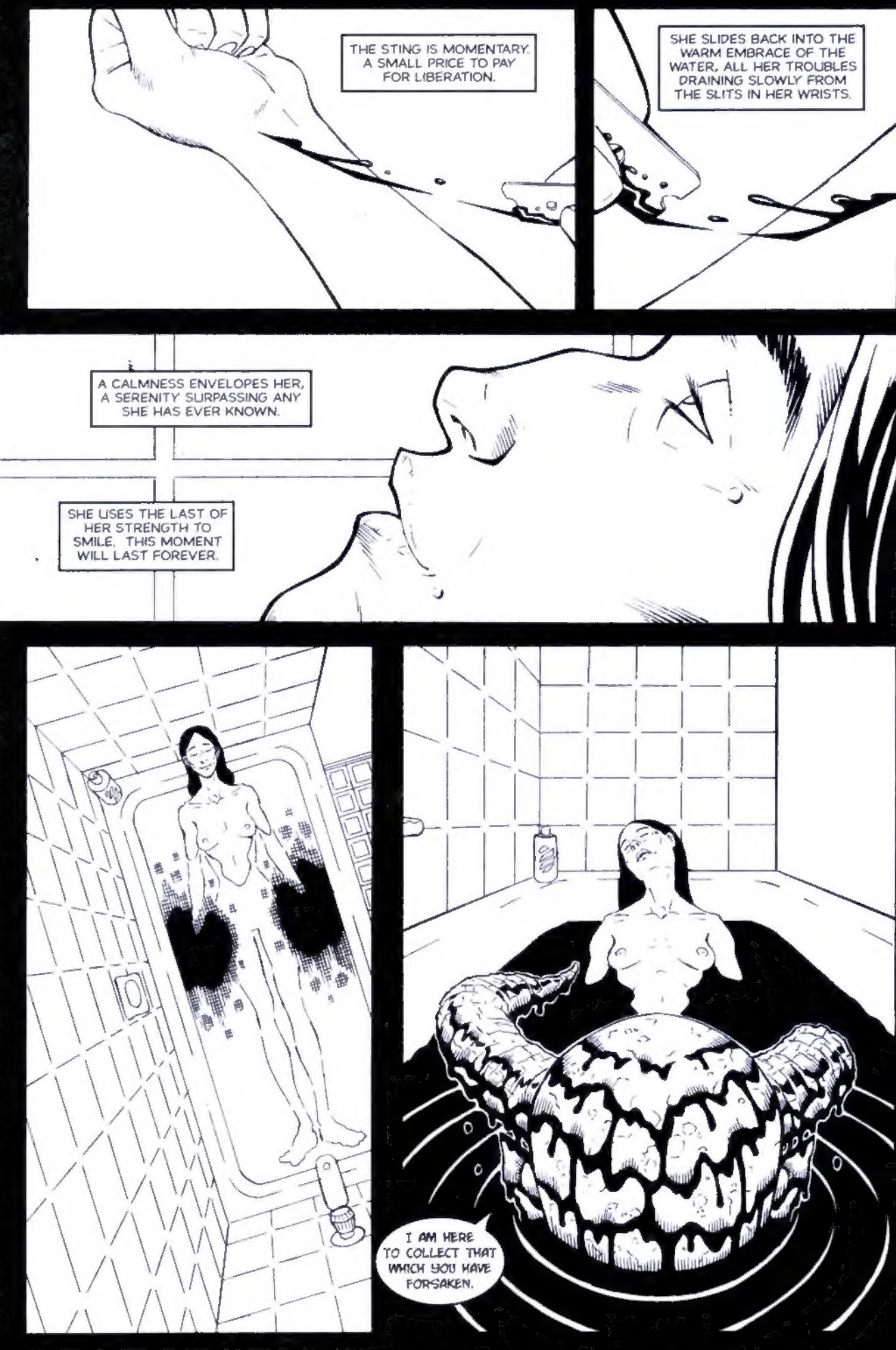
ISSUE 54
LOOKERS NUDE
THRESHOLD

SILKY AND SMOOTH, HER CLOTHES SLIDE RIGHT OFF.
ALL THE BURDENS OF HER LIFE DRIFT TO THE FLOOR, CAST AWAY LIKE LEAVES IN THE FALL.
SHE FEELS FREE FOR THE FIRST TIME IN YEARS.
THE FUTURE IS WARM AND INVITING...
...BECAUSE IT WILL BE SO VERY SHORT.

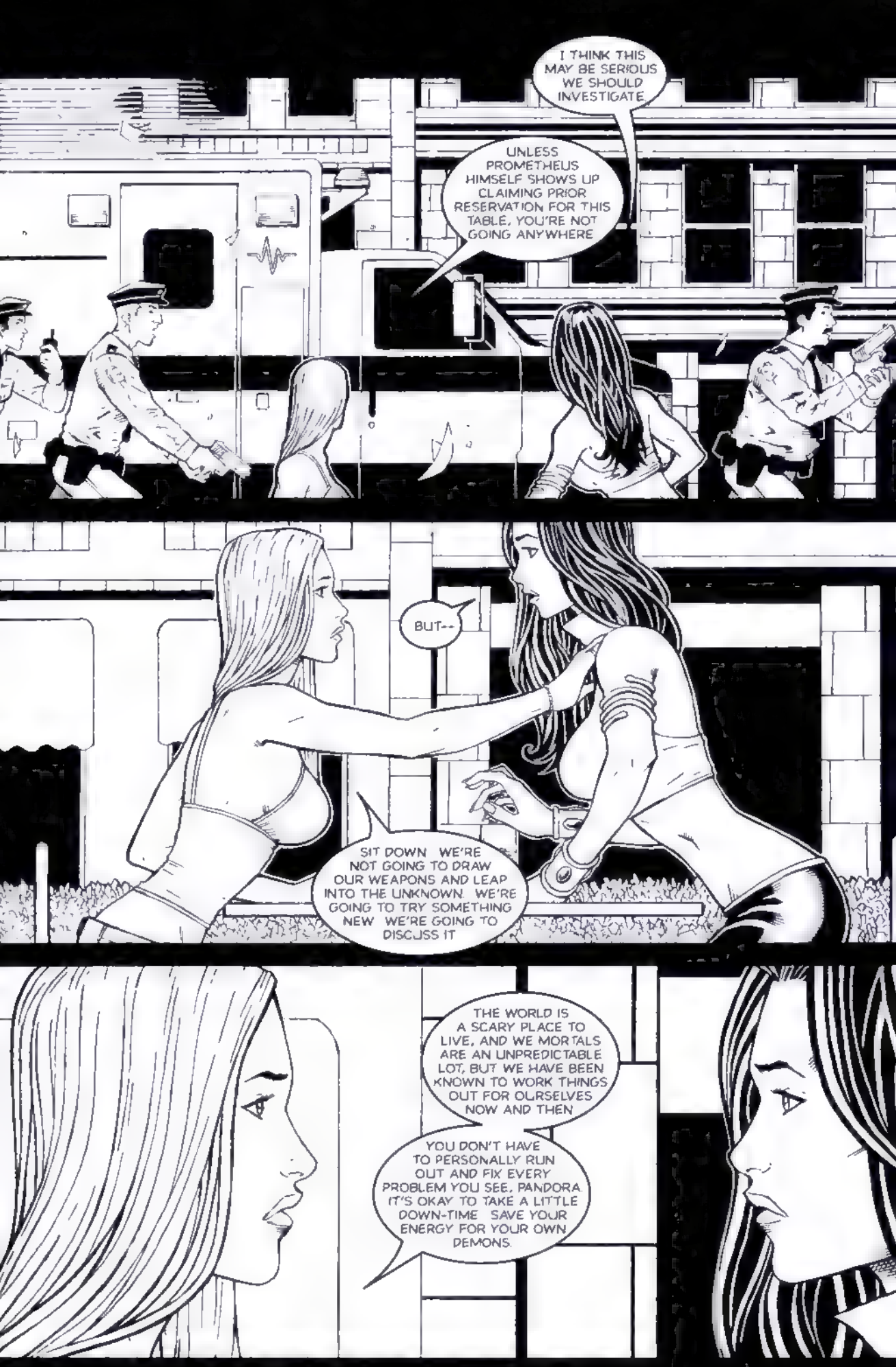

THE STING IS MOMENTARY. A SMALL PRICE TO PAY FOR LIBERATION.
SHE SLIDES BACK INTO THE WARM EMBRACE OF THE WATER, ALL HER TROUBLES DRAINING SLOWLY FROM THE SLITS IN HER WRISTS.
A CALMNESS ENVELOPES HER, A SERENITY SURPASSING ANY SHE HAS EVER KNOWN.
SHE USES THE LAST OF HER STRENGTH TO SMILE. THIS MOMENT WILL LAST FOREVER.
I AM HERE TO COLLECT THAT WHICH YOU HAVE FORSAKEN.

YOU WILL NOT FIND WHAT COMES NEXT SO ENJOYABLE. SUICIDE ENDS IN DAMNATION. AND THAT MEANS YOU BELONG TO THE FIRST DEMON TO STAKE A CLAIM!
NO!
"NO?" YOUR WAILS ARE PATHETIC. I WILL TEACH YOU TO SCREAM.
LOOKERS
GATES OF PARADISE

BUT COME, YOU CAN EXPERIENCE THE HORRORS OF THE UNDERWORLD FIRSTHAND
THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING! I DON'T EVEN BELIEVE IN HEAVEN OR HELL!
HA!
YOU THINK I CARE WHAT YOU BELIEVE? DISBELIEF MAKES ME STRONGER
GREETINGS VULCAN.
BESET-- WHAT DO YOU WANT?

I HAVE A CANDIDATE FOR THE DESPAIR PROJECT
INDEED! BUT SHE'S STILL ALIVE
I MOVED QUICKLY. I WISH TO INSERT HER BACK INTO THE MATERIAL PLANE, WHERE SHE WILL HAVE ACCESS TO THE FRESH SOULS WE NEED TO CONSUMMATE OUR PLAN.
FINE. WE'LL START WITH HER EXOSKELETON
THIS IS GOING TO HURT QUITE A LOT
EXCELLENT
NO, STOP!
AAAAIIIIIIEEEEEE!!!
SHE WILL BE THE PERFECT HERALD FOR MY CAMPAIGN AGAINST EARTH... AND WHAT LIES BEYOND!

THE HAMPTONS BISTRO
BUT WHEN ZEUS RETURNED TO CRETE THE FOLLOWING WEEK, HE FOUND EUROPA IN THE FIELD MAKING LOVE TO ANOTHER BULL-- A REAL ONE THIS TIME
HA HA HA HA
WE MUST GET TOGETHER LIKE THIS MORE OFTEN, PANDORA
ABSOLUTELY I HAVEN'T LAUGHED THIS HARD IN EONS
POLICE
NYPD
A POLICE CAR! SOMETHING'S HAPPENING-- WE MAY BE NEEDED
WILL YOU RELAX? LET THE POLICE HANDLE IT YOU NEED A CHANCE TO UNWIND
PERHAPS YOU'RE RIGHT I'VE BEEN THROUGH SO MUCH, SOMETIMES I FEEL LIKE I'M JUST WAITING FOR THE NEXT CATASTROPHE TO STRIKE


I THINK THIS MAY BE SERIOUS WE SHOULD INVESTIGATE
UNLESS PROMETHEUS HIMSELF SHOWS UP CLAIMING PRIOR RESERVATION FOR THIS TABLE, YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE
BUT--
SIT DOWN WE'RE NOT GOING TO DRAW OUR WEAPONS AND LEAP INTO THE UNKNOWN. WE'RE GOING TO TRY SOMETHING NEW WE'RE GOING TO DISCUSS IT
THE WORLD IS A SCARY PLACE TO LIVE, AND WE MORTALS ARE AN UNPREDICTABLE LOT, BUT WE HAVE BEEN KNOWN TO WORK THINGS OUT FOR OURSELVES NOW AND THEN
YOU DON'T HAVE TO PERSONALLY RUN OUT AND FIX EVERY PROBLEM YOU SEE, PANDORA. IT'S OKAY TO TAKE A LITTLE DOWN-TIME SAVE YOUR ENERGY FOR YOUR OWN DEMONS.

WILL THERE BE ANYTHING MORE, LADIES?
JUST THE CHECK, THANKS
WHAT IF AN UNDEAD CREATURE APPEARS AND ATTACKS OUR WAITER? SHOULDN'T WE *INTERVENE*?
AAAH!
I SUPPOSE THAT QUALIFIES. WE SHOULD PROBABLY HELP HIM OUT
UNHAND OUR WAITER. HIS SERVICE WAS EXEMPLARY
TH-THANK YOU!
WE HAVE A *LOT* MORE ZOMBIES, WRAITHS AND GHOULS WANDERING IN OFF THE STREET
LET'S DESTROY THESE MONSTROSITIES, AND SET THEIR SPIRITS AT EASE
TO BE CONTINUED.

ARE YOU SURE OF THIS, VULCAN? CAN YOU TRULY OPEN THE GATES OF PARADISE?
MY PANTHEON RULED THIS EARTH WHEN YOU WERE STILL A DEMI-MAGGOT, WALLOWING IN THE CHARNEL PITS, BESET. I KNOW WHEREOF I SPEAK.
ONCE WE'VE COLLECTED ENOUGH SOULS, WE CAN SLIP THE HOLY BEALS, AND THEN HEAVEN ITSELF IS OURS FOR THE TAKING
THE SWORD DESPAIR DRINKS SOULS LIKE BACCHUS DRINKS WINE. I KNOW, BECAUSE I CRAFTED IT.
WHILE THE BLADE WAS ON MY FORGE, PROMETHEUS ENCHANTED IT TO FOREVER BIND THE ESSENCE OF THE ELDER VAMPIRE KNOWN AS DESPAIR
THIS POWER IS NOT FOR YOU. WE PLAY FOR GREATER STAKES.
CAREFUL -- SUCH A SWORD CAN KILL EVEN AN IMMORTAL.
THIS SUICIDAL GIRL, HALF ALIVE, HALF DEAD, WILL BE OUR PAWN ON EARTH.*
* SEE LAST ISSUE
HER RAGE WILL BE CHANNELED THROUGH THE SWORD. SHE WILL COLLECT THE SOULS WE NEED.
LOOKERS
GATES OF PARADISE
PART II

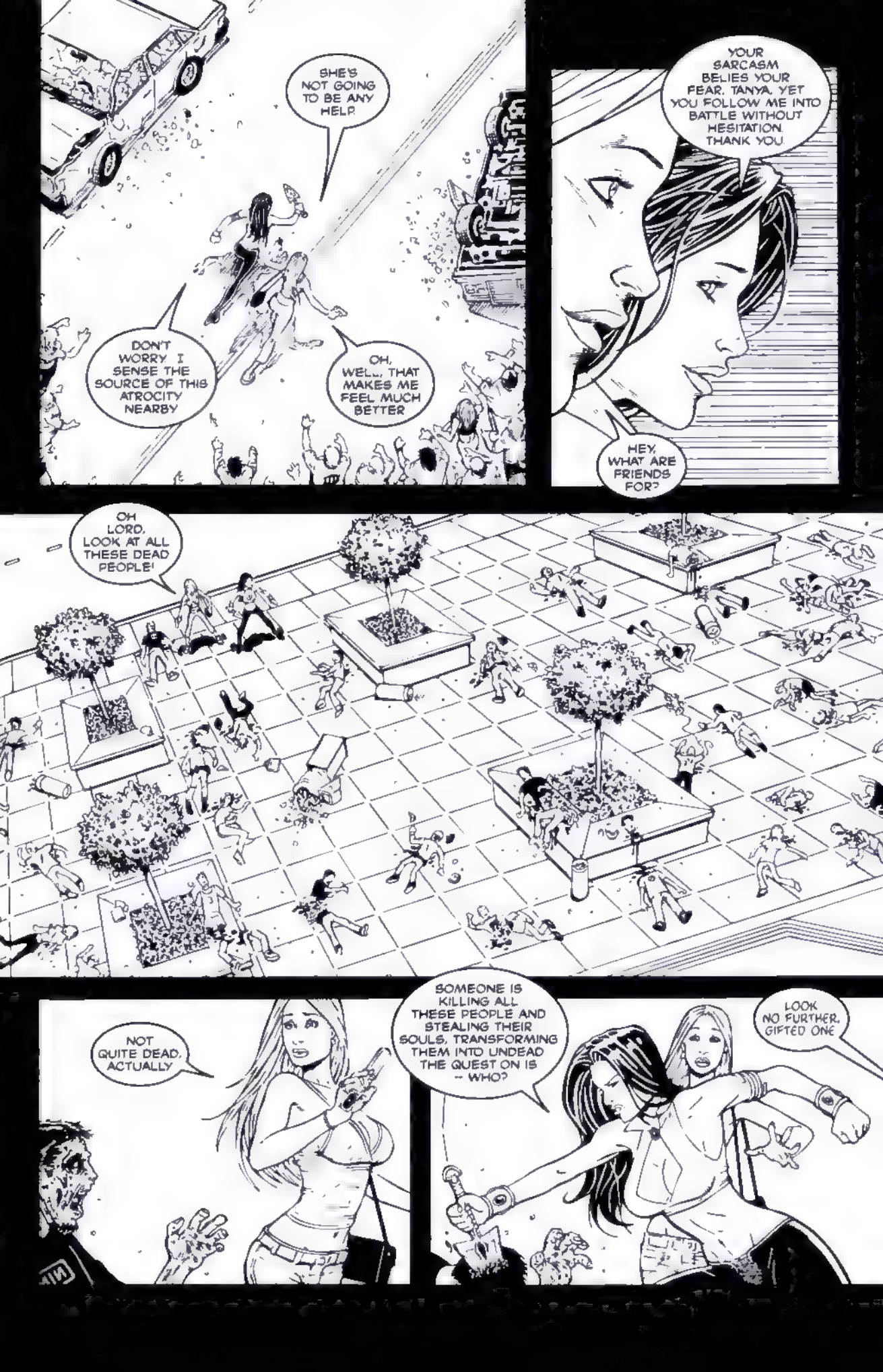
YOUR NAME SHALL BE MIZERY. GO FORTH AND EARN IT
MA'AM -- ARE YOU OKAY?

NO!
YES.
POWER... FLOODING INTO ME...
LIFE UNDILUTED BY FLESH. SUCCULENT DROUGHT OF THE HUMAN SPIRIT.
OH YES... OH LORD...
SOULS STRIPPED NAKED AND CONSUMED BY DARKNESS.
OH... OH... OH... OOOOH YES!
EMBRACE THE SENSUAL PLEASURES OF DAMNATION.
HA HA HA HAAAA!
DEATH BE OUR LOVER.

FOR THAT WHICH IS TAKEN, A SPARK OF EVIL IS LEFT BEHIND.
OUR EVIL FESTERS IN THE FLESH OF OUR SACRIFICES.
COME AND DIE FOR US.
WE MUST HAVE MORE!
DIE, SO YOU CAN GO FORTH AND KILL AGAIN!
KILL AND KILL AND KILL, UNTIL LIFE IS EXTINGUISHED, UNTIL ALL THE REMAINS IS DEATH!

NOT FAR AWAY
I DON'T KNOW WHY THESE DEAD STILL WALK, BUT I WILL DISPATCH THEM BACK TO THE SHORES OF ACHERON
THAT'S FAR AWAY, RIGHT?
ROCK
IT'S IN HADES.

HI MICHELLE! PANDORA AND I RAN INTO A SITUATION DOWNTOWN AND I WAS WONDERING IF YOU HAD TIME TO LEND A HAND?
IMPUDENT ZOMBIES!
SOUNDS LIKE FUN. IS THAT GUNFIRE I HEAR IN THE BACKGROUND?
HOLD ON. I HAVE TO ANSWER THE DOOR
YES?
I'M GONNA HAVE TO CALL YOU BACK, GIRLFRIEND SOMETHING JUST CAME UP
8


SHE'S NOT GOING TO BE ANY HELP.
DON'T WORRY. I SENSE THE SOURCE OF THIS ATROCITY NEARBY
OH, WELL, THAT MAKES ME FEEL MUCH BETTER
YOUR SARCASM BELIES YOUR FEAR, TANYA, YET YOU FOLLOW ME INTO BATTLE WITHOUT HESITATION. THANK YOU.
HEY, WHAT ARE FRIENDS FOR?
OH LORD, LOOK AT ALL THESE DEAD PEOPLE!
NOT QUITE DEAD, ACTUALLY
SOMEONE IS KILLING ALL THESE PEOPLE AND STEALING THEIR SOULS, TRANSFORMING THEM INTO UNDEAD THE QUEST ON IS -- WHO?
LOOK NO FURTHER, GIFTED ONE

VULCAN CREATED US BOTH ON HIS FORGE, BUT WHILE THE GODS BESTOWED THEIR VIRTUES UPON YOU, I WAS CAST IN CORRUPTION AND DESPAIR.
I DESPISE EVERYTHING YOU STAND FOR. I WILL DESTROY YOU!

TO BE CONTINUED.

GAZE AT THE FACE OF *MIZERY*, AND DESPAIR...

IT'S THE LAST THING YOU WILL EVER SEE.

I KNOW NOT WHAT KIND OF MONSTER YOU ARE, OR WHAT ABSCESS OF HADES YOU CRAWLED FROM. BUT I AM HERE TO STOP YOUR RAMPAGE.

LOOKERS

GATES OF PARADISE

PART III

DIE!! YOU MUST DIE TO FEED THE SWORD!

I AM NOT SACRIFICIAL FODDER

..I AM A WARRIOR FORGED IN FIRE BY THE GODS

AND WHO ARE YOU? YOU MENTIONED VULCAN* -ARE YOU ANOTHER OF HIS PLAYTHINGS?

*LAST ISSUE

I AM MIZERY.

AND I AM NOBODY'S PLAYTHING!

AAAH!

THE SWORD.. SO *COLD...*

DESPAIR DRAINS YOUR POWER. DESPAIR DRINKS YOUR SOUL.

YOU DO HAVE A *SOUL*, DON'T YOU?

AND HOW ABOUT YOU? DO PSYCHO-B TCHES HAVE *BRAINS?* LET'S SAY WE PULL THE TRIGGER AND FIND OUT.

OR YOU CAN SHOW US THE EASY WAY, AND PUT THAT SWORD DOWN REAL SLOW

TANYA, NO SHE'S TOO POWERFUL

DON'T WORRY, I HAVE HER

YOU HAVE NOTHING!

ALL YOU PATHETIC HUMANS HAVE *NOTHING* YOUR LIVES ARE EMPTY AND MEANINGLESS

NO!

ONCE I THOUGHT AS YOU DID. THAT MORTALS WERE FAR BELOW GODS AND DEMI-GODS AND DEMONS IN THE COSMIC SCHEMA..

BUT MY TIME ON EARTH HAS TAUGHT ME THAT HUMANS HAVE MUCH MORE TO OFFER LOVE. COMPASS ON. FRIENDSHIP. HONOR.

..LIFE!

NOOOO!

ALL THE THINGS YOU'VE TAKEN AWAY FROM SO MANY IN A SINGLE AFTERNOON.

DON'T WORRY, IF WE PUT YOUR SEVERED *HAND* ON ICE, THEY CAN PROBABLY REATTACH IT

THE SWORD! MUST HAVE THE *SWORD!*

AH, SWEET DESPAIR.

STAY AWAY FROM US!

ZOMBIES-- COVER MY ESCAPE!

MIZERY IS GETTING AWAY!

LET HER GO..

I NEED... UNHH...

MEANWHILE, IN A NEARBY PENTHOUSE APARTMENT...

OH, WOULD YOU PLEASE GIVE IT A REST?! I ALREADY KILLED YOU TWO OR THREE TIMES NOW.

THAT'S THE PROBLEM WITH FIGHTING ZOMBIES. THEY DON'T FALL DOWN AND DIE

THAT, AND THE SMELL.

I DON'T THINK IT'LL EVER COME OUT OF THE CARPETS AND UPHOLSTERY

BLAM

BLAMM!

SLIPKNOT

THE DOORBELL— NO WAY AM I ANSWERING THAT. LAST TIME IT WAS A HORDE OF UN-INVITED ZOMBIES.

DING DONG

THEY CAN JUST KEEP RINGING ALL DAY. I HAVE MORE IMPORTANT THINGS TO WORRY ABOUT

LIKE MY CELL PHONE.

HELLO?

HI TANYA! YOU'LL NEVER GUESS WHAT HAPPENED WE GOT A VISIT FROM THE PUSHEST BUNCH OF ZOMBIES. IT WAS ALMOST AS BAD AS WHEN THE JEHOVAH'S WITNESSES CAME LAST MONTH

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, ANSWER THE DOOR?

I LOST MY PURSE IN A SCUFFLE DOWNTOWN, AND I DON'T HAVE MY KEYS.

OH MY GOD, IT'S PANDORA! IS SHE OKAY?

I THINK SHE'S HURT PRETTY BAD

WE HAD TO FIGHT OUR WAY BACK HERE THROUGH AN ARMY OF ZOMBIES. WHERE WERE YOU ALL THIS TIME, MICHELLE?

SORRY, I WAS PREOCCUPIED WITH A LITTLE HOUSE-CLEANING.

TO BE CONTINUED

LOOKERS

GATES OF PARADISE
PART IV

AT LAST WE ARE ALONE.
WE CAN DIE TOGETHER, JUST YOU AND I. WE CAN BE DEAD TONIGHT.
ALONE AND DEAD, TOGETHER.
SHE IS PATHETIC.
I TOLD YOU, BESET, IF WE USE INFERIOR MATERIALS, WE GET AN INFERIOR PRODUCT.
THE SWORD DESPAIR IS SECOND TO NONE. ITS POWER IS LEGENDARY.
I CAN GRAFT THIS PROSTHETIC HAND ONTO HER HERE AND NOW. BUT I CAN'T CURE HER SPIRIT.
BUT THIS WOMAN IS DEFECTIVE SHE HAS A SELF-DESTRUCTIVE NATURE, A WEAKNESS OF SPIRIT THAT MAKES HER CRUMBLE UNDER PRESSURE.
AS YOU CAN SEE.
WELL... YOU ARE THE MECHANICIAN, VULCAN. FIX HER.
DON'T WORRY, I AM A DEMON LORD. I CAN MOTIVATE THE DAMNED.

LISTEN CLOSELY: I KNOW ALL ABOUT THE FETUS ON THE COAT-HANGER.
Y-YOU DO?
I ALSO KNOW ABOUT THE FATHER, PUT INTO THE GARBAGE DISPOSAL PIECE BY BLOODY PIECE.
HE WAS A BASTARD!
I KNOW HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO SPEND ETERNITY IN A SMALL ROOM WITH HIM?
I WILL SLAY HIM AGAIN WITH MY SWORD, DESPAIR.
...WITHOUT THE SWORD.
NO, PLEASE... DON'T TAKE THE SWORD! ANYTHING BUT THAT!
YOU HAVE GATHERED SOME FEW SOULS INTO THE SWORD, BUT I NEED MORE... THOUSANDS... MILLIONS... THE KILLING MUST CONTINUE, UNABATED.
I WILL KILL. I WILL GLADLY KILL EVERYONE.
DON'T FAIL ME AGAIN, MIZERY.

THAT SHOULD DO THE TRICK. I'M SURPRISED YOUR SKIN IS NOT TOUGHER, CONSIDERING YOUR STRENGTH AND RESILIENCE
I NORMALLY HEAL MUCH FASTER, BUT THAT SWORD CUT MORE THAN MY BODY
"THE SWORD KNOWN AS DESPAIR IS AN ARTIFACT OF TREMENDOUS EVIL FORGED BY VULCAN IN THE FIRES OF THE UNDERWORLD. EMPOWERED BY PROMETHEUS, IT NOW CONTAINS THE ESSENCE AND ARCANE MIGHT OF THE VAMPIRE GOD KNOWN AS DESPAIR."
"DESPAIR RULED THE EARTH BEFORE THE TIME OF GODS OR MAN, UNTIL ATLAS BATTLED AND DEFEATED THE ELDER VAMPIRE, IMPRISONING HIM WITHIN THE SWORD."
"A DEMONESS NAMED TRANCE STOLE THE SWORD, BUT SOON IT FELL INTO THE HANDS OF BESET AND THE TRIARCHS."
"USING JUST A FRACTION OF THE SWORD'S POWER, THE TRIARCHS EMPOWERED THREE HUMAN SUBJECTS, TRANSFORMING THEM INTO THE RAVENING."
"THE RAVENING SEEK THE SWORD TO THIS DAY, HOPING TO FREE DESPAIR FROM HIS IMPRISONMENT."
"NOW A NEW CREATURE NAMED MIZERY IS RUNNING RAMPANT WITH THE SWORD."

SOMEHOW MIZERY HAS TAPPED THE NECROMANTIC POWERS OF THE BLADE, DRAINING THE SOULS OF HER VICTIMS AND LEAVING UNDEAD SHELLS.
SHE COULDN'T BE DOING THAT WITHOUT SOME OUTSIDE HELP, PERHAPS FROM THE SWORD ITSELF
YOU TALK ABOUT THIS SWORD AS IF IT WERE ALIVE.
IT IS.
DAMN THAT BESET!
BESET THRIVES ON DAMNATION.
SHUT UP, JUST SHUT UP! GET OUT OF MY HEAD!
WE ARE ONE. YOURS IS THE HAND, MINE IS THE THIRST.

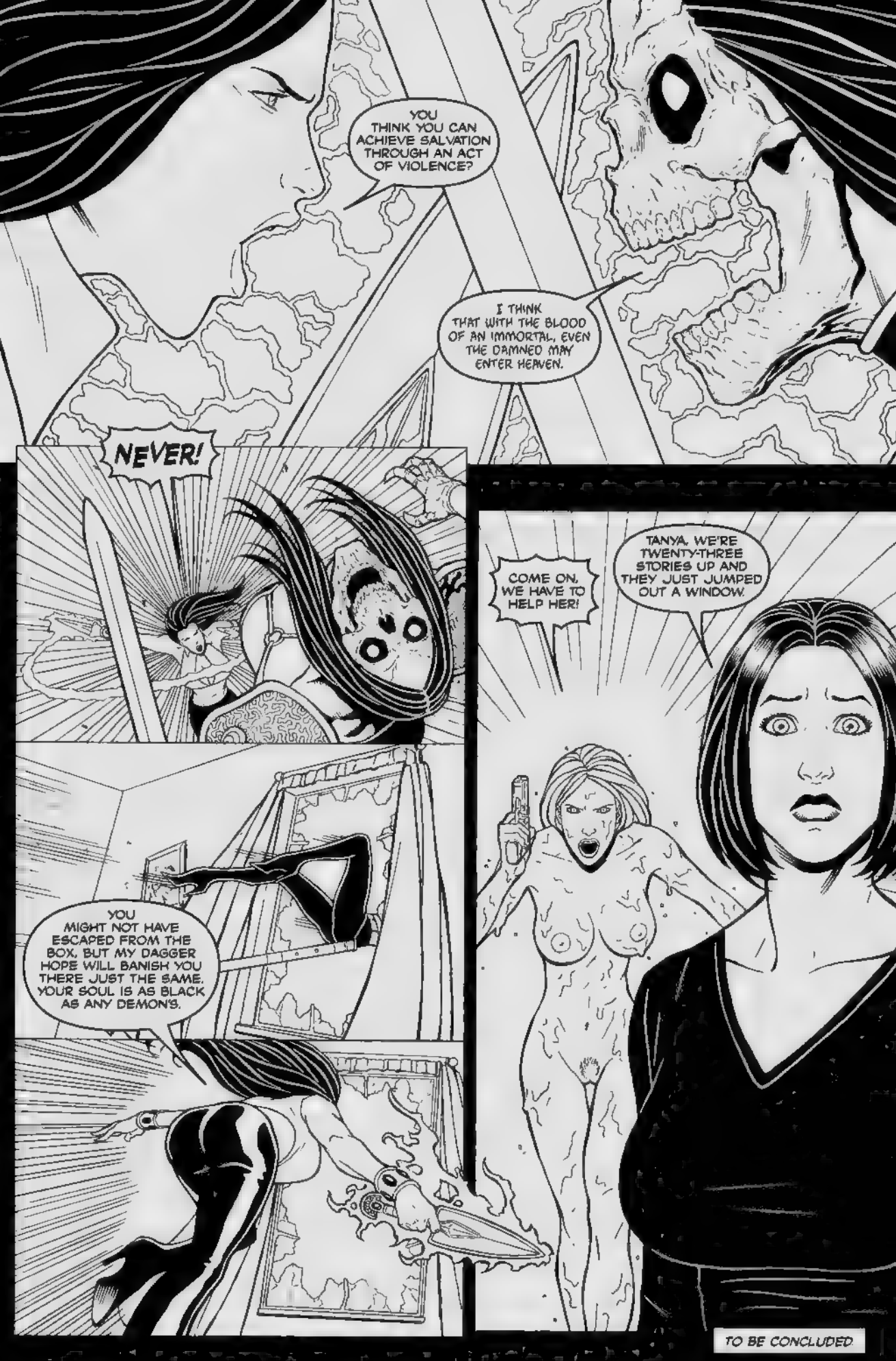
YOU WANT BLOOD? I HAVE GIVEN YOU BLOOD! HERE IS MORE BLOOD!
BLOOD BLOOD BLOOD BLOOD BLOOD!
SATISFIED?
NEVER.
BUT THERE WAS ONE WHOSE SPIRIT WE TASTED RECENTLY-- MORE POWERFUL THAN THE OTHERS. HERS IS THE BLOOD OF AN IMMORTAL.
AND IF WE FEED YOU THE BLOOD AND SOUL OF THIS IMMORTAL, OH BLADE OF DESPAIR?
THEN THE GATES OF PARADISE WILL OPEN BEFORE US.
TAKE ME TO HER.

WELL, I'M GOING TO TAKE A SHOWER WHILE WE ARE HERE
YEAH, I NEED TO FIND SOMETHING TO WEAR FOR COMBAT.
JESUS, YOU GUYS ARE WORSE THAN ROACHES!

MAN, THIS IS DISGUSTING!

NOW I THINK I NEED A SHOWER WITH BLEACH.

IS MIZERY STEALING SOULS ON BEHALF OF SOME GREATER POWER?
IS SHE PLOTTING FOR MY SOUL, OR WAS OUR MEETING HAPPENSTANCE?
MAYA POOL
PRIMITIVISM
I THINK SHE'S LOOKING FOR YOU IN PARTICULAR, PANDORA.
SO IT WOULD SEEM.
I AM MIZERY. I AM DESPAIR.
YOU MUST DIE, SO THAT I CAN FIND PEACE!


YOU THINK YOU CAN ACHIEVE SALVATION THROUGH AN ACT OF VIOLENCE?
I THINK THAT WITH THE BLOOD OF AN IMMORTAL, EVEN THE DAMNED MAY ENTER HEAVEN.
NEVER!
YOU MIGHT NOT HAVE ESCAPED FROM THE BOX, BUT MY DAGGER HOPE WILL BANISH YOU THERE JUST THE SAME. YOUR SOUL IS AS BLACK AS ANY DEMON'S.
COME ON, WE HAVE TO HELP HER!
TANYA, WE'RE TWENTY-THREE STORIES UP AND THEY JUST JUMPED OUT A WINDOW.
TO BE CONCLUDED

LOOKERS
GATES OF PARADISE
PART V
WHERE DID YOU GET THAT SWORD?
IT'S MINE! I SHALL USE IT TO REND YOUR SOUL FROM YOUR BODY AND THROW OPEN THE GATES OF PARADISE!
MY SOUL IS NO TICKET TO HEAVEN. QUITE THE OPPOSITE
WHAT MASTER DO YOU SERVE? VULCAN? BESET?
BESET...
BESET IS MY ONLY FRIEND.
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA!
WHY ARE YOU LAUGHING?
OH MIZERY. I'M SORRY, BUT DON'T YOU SEE... BESET IS A DEMON. HE WILL BETRAY AND TORMENT YOU THAT'S WHAT HE DOES

NO! HE GAVE ME THIS SWORD! HE GAVE ME PURPOSE!
HE'S USING YOU.
HE SAID...
...HE SAID I COULD GO TO HEAVEN.
NO, THAT IS NOT WHAT I SAID.
I SAID THAT ONCE THE SWORD DRINKS ENOUGH SOULS, WE WILL HAVE THE POWER WE NEED TO BREAK INTO PARADISE.
I NEVER SAID YOU WOULD ACCOMPANY US. WE JUST NEED YOU AND THE SWORD TO OPEN THE WAY.
THREE MILLION DEMONIC WARRIORS ARE GATHERED AT THE BASE OF PURGATORY, PREPARING FOR THE ASSAULT.

I WILL MAKE IT EASY FOR YOU, MIZERY. I WILL HOLD PANDORA HELPLESS. ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS SLAY HER
SO BE IT
BUT_ I DON'T KNOW
WHAT?!
SHE SAID YOU'D BETRAY ME, AND SHE WAS RIGHT.
I NEVER PROMISED YOU HEAVEN, MIZERY. YOU CAME TO ME AS A DAMNED SOUL, A SUICIDE. I TRANSFORMED YOU, MADE YOU INTO WHAT YOU ARE. YOU BELONG TO ME.

SHE WAS A LOST SOUL, BUT SHE WASN'T DEAD WHEN YOU TOOK HER, BESET* I CAN STILL SENSE A SPARK OF LIFE WITHIN HER
SHE WAS VIRTUALLY DEAD
IF SHE NEVER D.E.D. SHE WAS NEVER TRULY DAMNED THAT MEANS SHE STILL HAS A CHOICE.
* IT'S TRUE-- SEE THRESHOLD #50
NO, YOU'RE A DAMNED SOUL, AND YOU MUST DO AS I COMMAND! AND I COMMAND YOU TO SLAY PANDORA!
AAAAAAA--!
YES... YES...

DIE! DIE! DIE!
NOOOOOO!

IF YOU HAD A HEART, BESET, THAT STRIKE SURELY WOULD HAVE KILLED YOU.
LET'S FINISH HIM OFF!
YOU HAVE MADE A GRAVE ERROR TODAY, MIZERY. YOUR DAMNATION IS NOT SO EASILY UNDONE. I LOOK FORWARD TO THE FINAL ACCOUNTING.
I FAILED. I ALWAYS FAIL.
YOU'RE WRONG. TODAY WAS A GREAT VICTORY... YOU PREVAILED.

DON'T ACT LIKE YOU KNOW ME! YOU DON'T KNOW ME!
WHOA!
IT'S NO ACT. I'M ONLY TRYING TO...
...HELP.
JUST LEAVE ME ALONE.
SHE BEARS HER BITTERNESS WITH A VENGEANCE. I ONLY PRAY SHE FINDS THE PEACE SHE SEEKS, BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE.

THERE GOES ANOTHER SECURITY DEPOSIT.
I WAS READY TO REDECORATE ANYWAY.
MIZERY AND BESET HAVE DEPARTED. ALL IS WELL, FOR NOW.
BESET? I DON'T THINK I MET HIM. IS HE A HUNK?
TRUST ME, MICHELLE, YOU WOULD NOT LIKE BESET. HE SMELLS OF BRIMSTONE.
YUCK!
THE END